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The Fourth of July.

Dawn of oppression's fall! thy morning ray
Brought hope, tho' robed in tempest, to mankind,
And heralded in clouds the bright noon-day,
Which burst in fulness, on the chainless mind:
For tho' a tyrant's legions were combined
To shroud in endless gloom thy early light,
Unflinching hands our DECLARATION signed,
And hearts, whom danger's front could ne'er affright,
Rejoiced as thy first ray gleam'd o'er oppression's night.

Fresh in the patriot's fancy glow again
Thy deeds of glory!—the dark storm of war,
Scowling in blackness, o'er the gory plain,
And through it glimmering dimly and afar,
The lonely light of Freedom's struggling star—
The spirits of the brave oppressed and bowed
Beneath the wheels of despotism's car—
The ringing musket and the cannon loud,
And bright swords leaping forth, like lightning on the cloud!

And as again fond memory portrays
The stormy time when Freedom's doubtful fire
First gleamed upon its altar—the dark days
Through which, with spirits never known to tire,
Our fathers boldly braved the tyrant's ire,
And to the storm their starry banner spread,
And brooked, in every form, misfortunes dire,
And for their rights, their life-blood nobly shed—
Our inmost souls are stirred in homage for the dead.

From the cold North unto the sunny South;
From the Atlantic to the trackless West,
A people's voice is raised as from one mouth,
In praise of WASHINGTON—by all confessed
Of Freedom's sons the bravest and the best—
Who stood, when others faltered, undismayed—
Who to the wildest blast exposed his breast,
And nobler still, aside his armor laid,
When victory crowned the cause for which he drew his blade.

Freedom oppressed, hath sought a refuge here,
And reared its heavenly beacon—and his sail,
Hither the wanderer of the deep may steer,
And find a peaceful haven from the gale;
And tho' false pens abuse and foemen rail,
And, artfully, each cause of strife be fanned,
Yon light on Freedom's steep shall ne'er grow pale
Whilst cherished is the memory of that band,
Whose valor lit it first above our native land.

Yes—long as Freemen faithful shall remain,
And in their dead sires' glory take a pride,
Upon yon banner there shall rest no stain,
And tyrants and their minions be defied;
And bright'ning still o'er time's remotest tide
Shall gleam our fame—'till, kindling at the sight,
The nations of the earth shall, far and wide,
Burst the dark bondage of oppression's night,
And Freedom over all shed its immortal light!

THE INSULT.

Towards the close of a summer's day, in the year 17—, a party of gentlemen in the undress uniform of British officers, were seated in front of a country tavern in Virginia, discussing such scraps of news as each had chanced to pick up in the dull neighborhood of country quarters. As they proceeded in their remarks from grave to gay, the laugh and jeer grew frequent, till at last one of them suddenly asked "if they had heard of Frazer's mishap?"

"No, what's that, Hamilton?" was the eager question.

"Oh, nothing but a forged paymaster's order for a hundred pounds."

"Sir, that's false," said a voice.

The officer started as if an adder had stung him—and as his fierce eye rested on the speaker, said, "who are you that gives me the lie?"

"A man, who does not like to hear his friend slandered," replied the offender.

The stranger was a young man dressed in the uniform of the provincial service. He was tall and strongly built, and if not fashioned like Apollo, there was an ease, a manliness in the air, a greatness in the bearing, which, addressing itself to the soul, amply made up for any defect in corporeal beauty—his countenance even in that moment of youthful heat indicated a nature whose spirit was conciliation. His cheek was flushed, and his brow knit with anger as he steadily returned the gaze of the officer, and at times clear and distinct said, "I know Major Frazer, he is an honorable man."

"He may have been yesterday," said the Englishman, handing his card, "but he is now under arrest for the crime I have mentioned. You wear the dress of a gentleman, can you fight like one?"

"My conscience forbids me to fight a duel," said the young man with a faltering voice.

"Then your conscience should have forbidden you to wound the honor of a soldier. I find, Maurice, that our countrymen's opinion of provincial valor is a correct one," said the officer, taking the arm of a companion and walking down the road, "who would have thought that that man was a coward?"

The rest of the group after indulging their contempt in signs, turned their backs on the offender, and resumed their conversation.

They had continued talking for some time, when a slight groan attracted their attention to the stranger. He was leaning against a tree which stood at a short distance from him. His arms were folded on his breast, and his face was pale and slightly convulsed with emotion.

One of the group left his companions and approached him—but as the sound of his footsteps struck the ear of the stranger, he raised his head, and saluting the Englishman, passed on.

The officer, an elderly man, returned to he group, saying, as he seated himself—"That lad is no coward, I'll stake my knowledge of the human character upon it."

* * * * * * *

Let us go to the chamber of the stranger. Seated in an arm-chair, his head resting on his hand—the conflict of feelings are plainly visible in the disturbed and changing "mirror of the soul." Now pale with the struggle, now flushed and distended with indignation, and again calm and serene as the light of benevolence sheds its influence over his spirit.

As the war of emotion subsided, he raised his head, and his eye resuming its intellectual expression glanced upon a miniature case that lay upon the table.

He seized it eagerly and gazing on the features of his mother—"joy brightened his crest," and the lamp of wisdom was lighted.

The miniature was that of a woman in middle life, dressed in the style of George the Third's time. The features resembled those of the stranger, and the expression ripe with charity seemed to woo affliction with its charms.

As the stranger gazed, memory brought up the scenes of his childhoad, his tears fell fast, and as the lessons of his youth were presented to his vision, he bent his knee and poured forth his spirit in prayer.

* * * * * * *

At day-break several officers were seen in the gap of the woods near the village of M———. Among them were Hamilton and a young man whose flaxen curls and fine complexion told his Saxon origin. He was apparently about sixteen years of age, and was loading pistols for Hamilton, who fired them at a mark.

"A good shot," said the youth, as he took the discharged pistol from his principal and handed him another. "That's a very good shot, Hamilton, but you must strike out the ace before he comes, we have ten minutes yet. I know he's prepared, for I heard the crack of his pistols as I passed his quarters this morning."

"It all depends upon you, Walter, for I never miss the mark unless the loading is ill done. But I wonder what changed the young fellow's mind?"

"Why, the sense of disgrace to be sure—what else do you think would change conscience into courage? But it's a pity he should die," said the youth, thoughtfully. "I dare say before he has fleshed his sword?"

"Why, Walter, you yourself, if I remember rightly, have never been in battle, if we except that skirmish with the red skins, where there were more bullets spent than blood spilt. But as you say, if my hand be as steady as it is now, I shall send the young fellow to his long account. A more unprovoked insult a man never received."

At this moment the stranger was seen coming towards them, leaning on the arm of a friend.

As he approached many remarks were made on his bearing and soldierly appearance.

"I say, Morrisop, he doesn't seem to be much scared," said a young man, with dark whiskers and a moustache.

"Eh? no," replied the person addressed, apparently a military coxcomb, "tall, eh, make a nice grenadier?"

"He looks pale though, depend upon it he isn't used to this sort of thing," said the youthful second, with the air of a man who was.

Hamilton smiled, and laying his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, said, "And I hope, Walter, that you'll never earn the character of a duelist, it neither lengthens a man's days nor sweetens the cup of life. I have killed one man in a duel, and shall probably kill another—acts that establish bitter feelings in the heart."

The youth looked hard as the man of war thus moralized, then proceeded silently to select the spot for the expected meeting.

As he was leaving the group the stranger approached—and bowing coldly to his antagonist, he turned his face to the sun, while his second proceeded with Walter to arrange matters.

After the ground had been measured, the combatants took their stations eight paces apart.

When the word was about to be given, and the bystanders expected to see one or both fall immediately, the stranger raised his hand, and said, "Stop, I have something to say, Lieutenant Hamilton, I accused you of falsehood—your statement was true—I have wronged you, sir, and I ask your pardon."

For a second the surprise of the party closed their lips. Even the young coxcomb opened his eyes slightly, then ejaculated "possible?" and smiled graciously with the rest, as the generous soldier grasped the hand of the stranger and said, "Mr. WASHINGTON, I have never before encountered so truly brave a man."

"James, honey, don't go out into the streets, you may get run over."

"Run over! by jing, Ma, I'm most as big as a horse, and I guess there ain't nothin' can run over me. Pa says I'm a roarer—so I *shall* go out."

"Well, James, if you are *out*, don't let me 'know it,' don't."

Why is a large newspaper like a "coach and four?" Because it has its *leaders*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HOME MATTERS.

THE TURF.

Whether the above heading would be considered a proper one for a trotting match on a plank road by the old school of turfmen, the deponent sayeth not, but in the present age of fast telegraphs, fast locomotives, fast horses, fast "b'hoys," and fast "gals," Bloomers included, there is no doubt but that the term is legitimate, even for a spin over the planks. On Thursday afternoon, a trotting match for $500, two mile heats, to 250 lb. wagons, each wagon to contain two men, came off on the plank road leading from Jersey City to Bergen Point, between Boston Girl and a brown mare belonging to a gentleman in Jersey City. Boston Girl was driven by John Nelson, accompanied by Thomas Davis, and the Brown mare by Samuel McLaughlin and Harvey Young. They started from the second toll gate on the road, and came out at Dodge's Hotel. The match was won by the Jersey mare with the greatest ease; in Boston Girl did not trot a three and half minute gait more than a third of the way. The New Yorkers who attended were most agreeably disappointed, as they went over with their pockets well lined, to back Boston Girl at any odds. The Jerseymen, however, although they were boiling over with confidence in their favorite, would not "come out" much on her; consequently, the New Yorkers were not damaged a great deal, financially. The spot chosen for the race is finely adapted for such purposes, the road being in excellent condition, and well shaded by dense woods on both sides the greater portion of the way. There was quite a large attendance, and the return from Dodge's Hotel to Jersey City was very exciting—every man was a fast one, and every one had a fast horse; and each endeavored to take the lead, waking up the farmers, their dames, and "lovely darters," to a proper sense of "life on the road." They all seemed delighted with the amusement, and although horse-racing is forbidden by the laws of New Jersey, the persons living along the line of the Bergen plank road will be the last to inform against the turfmen for this or any other infringements of the laws. The time of the heats could not be taken.

MASSACHUSETTS RACES.

CAMBRIDGE PARK, June 22.—A trotting match between Old Hector and Rattler came off on Wednesday afternoon; mile heats, best three in five, under the saddle. Hector was the favorite previous to the start, but he acted so badly in the first heat, that his backers gave him up, seeing that it would be a waste of money to stick to him any longer. Rattler won in three straight heats. The following is a summary:—

D. Mace named s. g. Rattler	1	1	1
R. Champlin, named b. g. Old Hector	2	2	2

Time, 2:43½—2:42½—2:49.

CALIFORNIA RACES.

PIONEER COURSE.—SPRING MEETING—FIRST DAY, May 25.—Crowds of citizens flocked to the Pioneer Course in expectation of the sport promised for a week past—the day being the first day of the Spring Races of 1853. For the race, which was to consist of mile heats, the best two in three, four horses were entered, and the following is a summary of the race:

John Dunn entered g. g. Lem. Gustin	1	1	
James Moore entered g. h. Sir Bulwer	2	dr.	
Col. A. J. Gamble entered b. g. Pacific	4	2	
Mr. Cummings entered s. g. Col. Bell	3	dr.	

Time, 1:56—1:55½

SECOND DAY, May 26.—Two mile heats, purse $700. The following is the result:

——— enters g. m. Lola Montes	1	1	
S. H. Louer enters s. g. Senator, 6 yrs old	2	2	
A. J. Gamble enters s. g. Red Fox, 6 yrs old	3	dis	
Doctor Burns enters b. m. Anna	4	dis	

Time, 4:00—4:01.

THIRD DAY, May 27.—Mile heats, best three in five, purse $400.

J. Dunn entered g. g. Lem. Gustin	1	1	1	
J. Gandy entered s. g. Senator	2	2	2	
Mr. Cummings entered s. g. Fireman	dr.			
A. J. Gamble entered s. g. Red Fox	dr.			

Time, 1:57—1:58½—1:58.

FOURTH DAY, May 28.—Three mile heats. Purse $1,500.

Mr. Moore entered g. m. Lola Montes	1	1
Mr. Gamble entered b. g. Pacific	2	2

Time, 6:6½—6:18.

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.

Tuesday, June 28—Trotting match $2000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

H. Woodruff named b. m. Flora Temple	1	2	0	2	1
G. Spicer named b. m. Highland Maid	2	1	0	1	2

Time—2:28—2:32—2:33—2:31½—2:35.

UNION COURSE, L. I.

Tuesday, June 28—Purse $1,500, mile heats, best three in five in harness.

W. Woodruff entered r. g Tacony	2	2	1	1	
J. Ward entered b. g Mac	1	1	2	2	2

Time 2:28—2:29—2:28—2:31—2:38½.

THE RING.

Second gallant Encounter between Jones of Portsmouth and Ned Donnelly, for One Hundred Pounds a side.

The adjourned trial of the issue joined between these parties was set down "in the paper" for Wednesday last, the *venue* being laid in the county of Norfolk. The previous exciting struggle between the same gallant heroes, which formed part of the Easter recreations, of which we had the pleasure to give an account, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. The only drawback on that occasion, in some people's opinion, was that no definite result was accomplished. Others were better pleased that there was no winner, as they thou ht it would have been a pity that either should loose. We are glad to be able to state that the "cause" was heard throughout on Wednesday last without a single wrangle, and that the "judge" was enabled to give his verdict in favor of the gallant Jones without an appeal. The men, it will be remembered, were tied to 9st 12lb in weight, and that on the previous occasion Jones drew down the scale at 9st 6lb, while Donnelly was all 9st 10lb, he being far too fleshy, while his adversary was, if anything, too fine drawn. Donnelly then attributed his inability to win the fight off-hand to his want of condition, and his friends alleged that his having forgotten himself and partaken of "strong waters" at Greenwich Fair on the day previous to the encounter, was the main cause of his not being up to the mark. We, at the time, made some observations as to the folly of a man so far forgetting himself when about to meet so dangerous an adversary as Jones, and we, in common with other lovers of the sport, were induced to believe that the lesson master Ned had received would act as a caution to him in future. Jones denied that shortness of preparation was the real cause of Donnelly's falling off towards the end of the fight; he declared that it was alone attributable to the severe drubbing which he administered, and expressed great confidence that at the next meeting between them he would be able to convince his Scottish adversary that he was not entitled to the championship of the light weights. As soon as the supplementary agreement to increase the stakes to £100 a side had been signed both men betook themselves to active training, Donnelly at Brighton under the superintendence of his friend and mentor Bill Hayes, and Jones at Hanwell, under the care of Mathewson of Portsmouth. The latter soon got himself into fine trim, and came to the post better than we ever recollect seeing him before; and, in fact, he stated that he never felt better himself; his weight on scaling at Dismore's on Monday was about 9st 9lb. Donnelly, although he took great care of himself, did not take quite as much exercise as he required, and was some three or four pounds too heavy, but we are informed by Dan Dismore, his backer, that for this he was not to blame, as his health was not very good during a portion of his training, and he was in consequence compelled to lessen his work. Beyond the few pounds of extra flesh, however, there was nothing the matter with him, and he expressed confidence that he should be able to win handily. He balanced the beam on Monday at 9st 10lb. As there had been some difficulty in getting the mill off on the former occasion down the river, it was determined on Wednesday last to make an irruption into the county of Norfolk, and Dismore and Jones's backer accordingly chartered a special train in the hope that the visitors would be sufficiently numerous to repay them for their speculation. In this, however, we fear they were disappointed, as the number of the *voyageurs* did not appear adequate to defray expenses. The time named for the departure was half-past eight, and at that time precisely the whistle sounded, and the train started. Jones was taken in a Roxbourne, and then the special dashed off towards its destination at a fair speed, arriving between eleven and twelve o'clock, at the "trysting place," the identical spot where Broome and Orme contended for the Championship. Here the commissary, assisted by Tom Callas and Co., quickly formed the ring, but from some unexplained cause there was so much delay, first on Donnelly's side, and then on the part of Jones, that the men did not get into the ring until half-past one o'clock. By this time there was a very large number of spectators, many equestrians having put in their appearance from Cambridge and the parts adjacent, and the county round having contributed an unusual number of yokels, to whom good mills must be "like angel visits, few and far between." Among the spectators from London there was a very tolerable sprinkling of the patrician order under the care of Jem Burn, but we were glad to perceive there was an entire absence of the "rough and ready gents" so constant in their attendance at aquatic excursions. The ring-keepers were consequently enabled to do their duty without difficulty, and everybody had an excellent view of the sport from first to last. There was but little betting, the friends of Jones wanting 2 to 1, and the backers of Donnelly declining to lay more than 6 to 4. Jones was esquired on this occasion by Tass Parker and Jack Smith (the Regent-street Pet), and they proved far more efficient than his seconds at the former fight; and the manner in which he was sent up to the scratch every round, was a most agreeable contrast to the style in which he was handled on that occasion. Donnelly was waited upon by Bill Hayes and Tom Sayers, and it is almost needless to say that both those worthies did their duty in first-rate style. It is useless, and in the present crowded state of our columns impossible, to enlarge upon these preliminary remarks; the doings of both men must be fresh in the minds of our readers, and, if they are not, they can be found in *Fistiana*. We will now, therefore, proceed at once to our description of the contest, premising that before commencing operations an even "fiver" was betted by the men, and that Donnelly offered to make an additional bet of £25 to £20, which was declined by the Portsmouth hero.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Prior to toeing the scratch the seconds of Jones objected to the spikes in Donnelly's shoes as being too sharp; and certainly they did bear some resemblance to cricket spikes, and were fully twice as long as was necessary. An appeal was made to the referee by Tass Parker, who wished to have them filed down. On examining Jones's boots, however, the referee found his spikes were even longer than Donnelly's, and, although not pointed, had sharp square edges, which, if they came in contact with a man's toe, would lacerate it more severely than the spikes of which Parker complained. The referee, therefore, overruled the objection on the part of Jones, and directed that the battle should commence. [These spikes are a growing evil. The object of having spikes or sparrowbills at all is to prevent a man from slipping, and a quarter of an inch is the extreme length that should be permitted. On the present occasion the spikes of each man were considerably over half an inch in length.] The difficulty being thus settled the men and their seconds quickly shook hands, and business commenced, amidst a breathless silence, at about two o'clock. Jones did not wait long, but dashed out his right in a roundabout way, reaching the left side of Donnelly's nut. He tried to repeat the dose with both hands, but was neatly stopped. Again did he lunge out wildly, and a second time was he stopped, receiving this time a reminder on the smeller, which decided the *first blood* in favor of Donnelly. Jones then went to infighting, and some sharp mutual fibbing took place, which ended in a close, and both were down, Jones under.

2. After a little cautious sparring Donnelly got within his distance, and, letting go his left straight as an arrow, caught Jones on the right cheek heavily. Jones quickly dashed at him in return, caught him on the throat with his right, and received another straight one on his right cheek. He was not to be shaken off, but again charged his opponent, who jumped away laughing—Jones still persevered, let go both mawleys, which were cleverly stopped three times in succession, Donnelly missing his returns. At length perseverance met its reward, the gallant Jack got his right well home on Donnelly's left cheek, but napped an ugly crack on the dexter peeper in return from Ned's left. Donnelly now tried to lead off, but Jones stepped quickly back. Donnelly feinted, succeeded in drawing Jones within hitting distance, let fly his left, and again reached the right ogle. This riled Jones, who dashed in wildly, and was met by a tremendous spank on his mouth, and then another on the nose, as he came in on the rushing system. He pegged away, however, on Donnelly's left ear and left side with his right, until they closed, and, after a short struggle, Donnelly was thrown, but Jones, somehow, contrived to fall under him.

3. Jones occupied but little time in sparring, but at once went to work in a wild round-handed style. Donnelly stopped him several times, but at length Jones delivered his dangerous right on his dice box, drawing a small modicum of coloring matter. He followed this up by somewhat straighter deliveries, left and right; the former was stopped, but the latter reached Ned's chin. Donnelly now took a turn, feinted with his left, and then let it go flush on Jack's smeller. Jack, still busy, caught Donnelly on the nozzle, and cleverly avoided the return. Donnelly now followed him up, planted his left on the mouth, drawing more of the carmine, and jumped easily away. He came again, sent home his larboard fin on the mark, and stopped Jack's return. This brought them to a heavy rally, in which the hitting was in favor of Donnelly, who punished Jones on the snout, mouth, and throat, receiving, in return, on the left side of his nut and nose. In the close which followed, both were down, Jones under.

4. Jones led off twice in succession with his left, but Donnelly was away; he tried again, but was short. Donnelly then approached, sent home his left sharply on the nose, and this causing Jones to rush in, Ned met him again a terrific spank on the same place, which seemed to knock that important organ considerably out of the perpendicular, and drew "lashins of claret." Some tremendous exchanges followed in favor of Donnelly, who caught Jones again and again on his damaged snout, mouth, and ogles, receiving in return some awkward round-handers on the ribs and left side of his head. In the end they closed, and Jones was thrown. This was a tremendous fighting round, and elicited unbounded applause.

5. Jones, on coming to the scratch, showed the severe effects of Ned's straight deliveries; his conk was all awry, his left peeper much swollen, and his mouth in anything but kissing order. He smiled, however, and at once dashed at his man, who met him again heavily on the sneezer, and then on the right cheek, which was cut open, and the ruby at once made its appearance. Jones, on the *nil desperandum* system, was at him again, caught him on the left side of the head with his right, and, on attempting to repeat the dose, was peppered heavily left and right on the cheek and nose. Jones would not be stalled off; he dashed in again and again, but Donnelly got away each time laughing, and at last, as Jones came at him, let fly his left, catching him heavily on the left optic. This did not deter the Portsmouth lad; he went at his man again, reached his ribs heavily with his right, napped another straight one on the nose, and then a shooter on the throat. Donnelly now sparred a little out of distance, dropped his left, as if to tempt Jones to come in, and, as the latter tried to take advantage of the opening, he planted a tremendous spank on the nozzle, and got away. Jones followed him over the ring, reached his ribs heavily with the right, which brought them to in-fighting, when some heavy hits were exchanged, Jones getting home with effect on the nose, mouth, and larboard lug, and receiving on the old spots. A break away, and at it again, when Donnelly punched his adversary with great severity on the nose and mouth, and then on the left cheek. Jones retaliated by inflicting a deep cut over Donnelly's left brow, and in the close which followed both rolled over together.

6. Jones came up merrily, and at once opened the ball by planting his right on the new wound over Ned's left peeper, re-opening the claret bottle. Donnelly returned with his left on the mark, and in heavy counter-hits that followed Jones got it on the nose, and Donnelly on the potato-trap. Jones now resumed the rushing system, but Donnelly jumped away, propping him heavily on the left cheek. Jones persevered until they closed, when some tremendous in-fighting took place, Donnelly getting severely punished on the ribs and left ear, and Jones on the left eye and mouth; in the end Donnelly got down. The hitting in this round was very even, and all were again loud in their praises of the gallant bearing of the heroes.

7. Donnelly drew his man, and caught him a beautiful nose-ender with his left. This riled the daring Jones, who rattled in, and another tremendous rally took place, in which they stood and exchanged hit for hit without flinching. Donnelly's deliveries were straightest, however, although those of Jones would have stopped many an ordinary opponent. In the end Donnelly got down on the saving suit.

8. Jones dashed to his work, but was met with great severity on the sinister glancer. He would not be shaken off, again bored in, got it from both Ned's clever fins on the right cheek and mouth, but at length reached Donnelly's left check and left ear with his dangerous right, and Donnelly slipped down.

9. Jones again first to begin; reached Donnelly's nose and left lug heavily with his right, Donnelly countering him on the snout. Donnelly now cleverly stopped several attempts, and jumped away from others, and at length again jobbed the dashing Jones on the right eye heavily, and then on the mouth and right cheek, from each of which the cork was removed. Jones could not be shaken off; once more he came, and yet again once more, but each time to be propped and jobbed on the phisog with telling effect. In the end, they closed and fell together.

10. Jones's countenance, on coming up, was completely altered from the effects of Donnelly's handiwork in the last round; he was nevertheless as determined as ever, immediately went to work, but was easily stopped three times in succession, and then Donnelly planted his left as straight as need be on his smelling bottle, again taking out the stopper. Donnelly now took the lead, feinted, popped in his one, two on the nose and mouth heavily. Jones never flinched for an instant, but stood gamely to his man, and a tremendous rally again took place in favor of Donnelly, who, however, received no mean share of punishment on the left side of his canister and his ribs. In the end Donnelly slipped down.

11. Jones at once rattled in, but was stopped. He tried again, got it heavily on the jaw, and Donnelly jumped away. Jones again bored in, and swung round his right, caught Donnelly heavily on the left ear, and broke away. Donnelly followed him up, dashed out his left, another terrible snorter on the nose, and this indneing Jones to rush in, Donnelly made both hands heavily on the left cheek and throat, and both fell, side by side.

Continued on 4th page.

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THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

This week we will accompany the reader to the Trinity Churchyard, where lie the remains of CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE, of the United States Navy, who fell on the 1st day of June, 1813, in the 32d year of his age, in the action between the frigates Chesapeake and Shannon. He had distinguished himself on various occasions, but particularly when commanding the sloop-of-war Hornet, by capturing and sinking His Britannic Majesty's sloop-of-war Peacock, after a desperate action of 14 minutes. His bravery in action was only equalled by his modesty in triumph and his magnanimity to the vanquished. In private life he was a gentleman of the most generous and endearing qualities, and so acknowledged was his public worth that the whole nation mourned his loss, and the enemy contended with his countrymen who most should honor his remains. The HERO, whose remains are here deposited, with his expiring breath expressed his devotion to his country. Neither the fury of battle, the anguish of a mortal wound, nor the horrors of approaching death, could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were,

"Don't give up the ship!"

In front of St. Paul's Church are entombed the ashes of another gallant spirit, whose blood was poured out in defence of the land of his adoption. Need we say that we refer to Major-General RICHARD MONTGOMERY? The monument was erected by the order of Congress, 25th Jan., 1776, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotism, conduct, enterprise, and perseverance of that gallant man. Montgomery was born in the North of Ireland, in 1737. Entering the army of Great Britain, he successfully fought her battles with Wolfe, at Quebec, in 1759; and on the very spot where he was afterwards doomed to fall, when fighting against her, under the banners of freedom. When the struggle with Great Britain commenced, as he was known to have an ardent attachment to liberty, and had expressed his readiness to draw his sword on the side of the colonies, the command of the continental forces, in the northern department, was entrusted to him, and Gen. SCHUYLER, in the fall of 1775. By the indisposition of Schuyler, the chief command devolved upon him in October. After a succession of splendid and important victories, he appeared before Quebec. In an attempt to storm the city, on the last of December, this brave commander fell, by a discharge of grape shot, both his aids being killed at the same time. At the time of his death, he was aged 37 years. The State of New York caused his remains to be conveyed from Quebec and deposited in St. Paul's Churchyard on the 8th day of July, 1818.

* * * * * *

Another Murder.—The following touching 'bit of verse' cannot fail to bring forth a tear, for it is a harrowing tale of misery and of woe. We copy from a Western paper:

"thare was a man in canada,
a cobler by trade
he married him a hansum wife
and after words she Died

he married next a buty
hur cheeks were like the rose
hur eyes like sparkling Dimons
True virtur did disclose.

they settled down in stockholm
upon a pece of land
and thare they bilt all for there use
a log house And a barn.

In just about 3 months from this,
there was a nouther cry
that he had gave hur pison stuf
Oll for to make hur dy."

* * * * * *

A Keen Reply.—A lady a few days ago entered a dry goods' store in Grand-street, for the purpose of selecting material for a new dress. She had looked at several patterns, two of which seemed to divide her attention. "Well," said the clerk, "do you want one of them?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "but I can hardly decide which one to take, they are both so beautiful."

"Choose quick," said the clerk.

"Are you in a hurry?" asked the lady.

"No, I'm not in a hurry," replied the *gentleman, (!)* "but recollect you are not trading for a brick house." "*Neither am I trading with a gentleman!*" said the lady, and calmly left the store. Were it necessary we could give the No. of the store.

* * * * * *

Othello in Irish.—The following is the Irish version of Othello's defence. We don't know but that this may be the original, from which Shakspeare borrowed his idea. However, as most of our readers are acquainted with the passage referred to, we give the following as an offset to it:

"Most illigant and beautiful ould gintlemen,
My jolly cocks, an' is it there ye are?
That I have carried off a purty girl,
The ould man's daughter, like an honest woman,—
Oh, d—n the lie I'll tell ye's for it's thrue!
Now, here's the head and front of what I've done,
And where's the Irishman, I'd like to know,
That wouldn't do the same? ha! ha! *whoh.*
I'm not a counsellor at law, ye see,
Nor did I ever swallow dictionaries,
For since this arm could flourish a shillelah,
Until I fell in love with Bess Malony,
I've kept a groggery at Donnybrook;
And therefore all the larnin' that I've got
Is about bung'd-up peepers or cracked crowns.
So maybe I shall make a clumsy fist
In what I've got to say—be aisy, now,
And I'll just spin ye's out the sacred truth
About Miss Bess Malony!
Her father, the ould thief, made out to love me,
And axed me often to a jug of whiskey,
Wanting to hear the sprees I had been through.
I tould him all, from when I was a brat
Until the time he axed me of my fight
With Mickey Doolan—and the pretty row
I kicked up at the racing course last year—
Of being taken to the county jail,
And how I got away. In troth, I tould
My life and history to old Malony.
Well, sirs, Miss Bess kept listening to the story,
Except when she would have to milk the cow,
Or feed the pigs, or something. Well, one day
What does she do but up forenest my face,
She tould me she'd like to have a husband
As much like me as could be! What did I?
By my troth, sirs, I seized her in my arms,
And ran with her away to Father Murphy,
I tould her, as it wasn't at all likely
That Ireland held another man like me,
I'd give myself away, and so I did!
And that's the way to tell it!"

* * * * * * * * * *

4th of July.—We give our readers a little bit of advice for their guidance on Monday next. It is by one of our correspondents.

Take care of your noses,
Likewise of your toeses,
While walking around for to air em.
Keep on your old closes,
For nobody noses
How soon you may happen to tear 'em.
Take of "smashes" a few,
Or perhaps one will do,
If you wish to take Sally a walkin'.
And for dinner a stew,
But if not enough, two,
For they're good, there's no use of talkin.'
If a fiery snake
Should follow your wake,
It's best to say 'narthin' about it.
For then you'll escape
The musses they make;
But a broken head get, if you doubt it.
Don't get in a passion
If powder should flash on
And scorch your fine locks all so greasy,
For perhaps 't was a rash one,
Who would just as leave thrash one,
If you did n't take fun free and easy.
Now take the advice
Of one who has twice
Been beaten and treated so cruelly.
So keep yourself nice,
And shun all kinds of vice,
On next Monday, the great 4th of July.

Our correspondent has our thanks for the interest he seems to take in the welfare of our readers, and though his poetry is not exactly of the Byron style, yet it is fully equal to the generality of machine poetry.

Frontispiece for the World's Fair.

It has been suggested, and the suggestion meets with general favor, that arrangements be entered into with Barnum, to get his consent to have himself placed over the principal entrance to the Crystal Palace, as the greatest specimen of American manufacture to be found in this country. Should the efforts now making for the above object prove successful, the great finishing stroke to the World's Fair will be made, and the capitalists who have an interest in the concern will reap the reward due to their praiseworthy enterprise. Shall we have a frontispiece to the World's Fair? "Du tell."

Great Times for the Press.

Railroad and steamboat companies find it cheaper to give the press a free excursion and their supper, now and then, than to advertise; for the editorial notices they receive in return are of far more value than a plain advertisement. The alderman was right when he said almost any editor could be bought. Editors were very severe on our City Fathers, for their rumored dereliction of duty, but they are invited to accompany these same aldermen on free excursions, and not a word has been said against them since. Oh! the independent press of New York! Who is going to give the editorial fraternity their next supper? Hurry up, somebody, or they perish! A good puff for a good supper for the press. Who bids?

The Fourth of July.

ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

On Monday next, the 4th day of July, twenty-five million of free and independent people will join in celebrating the anniversary of that ever-memorable day which gave birth to liberty in America, and freedom to her children. While enjoying the festive occasion, the thoughts will naturally revert to those days that tried men's souls, and to the privations and sufferings endured by those who bequeathed the gift of freedom to their offspring; but there is a happy consolation in knowing that the sacred gift still remains with us, and that the beautiful principles of Republican government, as enjoyed in this country, are beginning to spread to the remotest corners of the earth. Monarchies are beginning to tremble, and empires totter to their fall, yet the great American Republic stands firm amid the mass of kingly ruins, her course onward, and her example a beacon to nations yet unborn. What emotions thrill the heart while rejoicing in the knowledge that we belong to this great family of freemen, and that the same high and mighty privilege is accorded to all who seek our friendly shores in search of that which had been denied them at home. The glorious document of the Declaration of Independence was the offspring of the minds of men who had suffered deeply ere they determined to act for themselves. Of the fifty-six signers it is stated that nine were born in Massachusetts, eight in Virginia; five in Maryland; four in Connecticut; four in New Jersey; four in Pennsylvania; four in South Carolina; three in New York; three in Delaware; two in Rhode Island; one in Maine; three in Ireland; two in England; two in Scotland; and one in Wales. Twenty-one were lawyers; ten merchants; four physicians; three farmers; one clergyman; one printer; and sixteen were men of fortune. Eight were graduates of Harvard College; four of Yale; three of New Jersey; two of Philadelphia; two of William and Mary; three of Cambridge, England; two of Edinburg; and one of St. Omers.

At the time of their deaths five were over ninety years of age; seven between eighty and ninety; eleven between seventy and eighty; twelve between sixty and seventy; eleven between fifty and sixty; seven between forty and fifty; one died at at the age of twenty-seven; and the age of two is uncertain. At the time of signing the Declaration, the average age of the members was forty-four years. They lived to the average age of more than sixty-five years and ten months. The youngest member was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was in his twenty-seventh year. He lived to the age of fifty-one. The next youngest member was Thomas Lynch, of the same State, who was also in his twenty-seventh year. He was lost at sea in the fall of 1776.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest member. He was in his seventy-first year when he signed the Declaration. He lived to 1790, and survived sixteen of his younger brethren. Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, the next oldest member, was born in 1707, and died in 1778. Charles Carroll attained the greatest age, dying in his ninety-sixth year. William Ellery, of Rhode Island, died in his ninety-third year, and John Adams in his ninety-first.

Monsters.

Our papers will soon be flooded with editorial and other notices, puffing up Julien and his band of foreigners. Don't believe all that may be said in their praise, however, it is manufactured to order, at so much per line, and is intended for the edification of us ignorant Americans.

Greasy's opera troop will commence the newspaper crusade before long, but it is to be hoped that our injured and insulted citizens will give this Italian *troop* the go-by. Salvi *soaped* and *lathered* us, until we had to *dip* into him, and now we are threatened with another invasion; look out for them, you who are opposed to foreign airs.

Cool Puffs.

The Sunday Courier, a journal that is beginning the dodge of publishing stories of endless length, has the following first-rate notices in its last number.

The Hippodrome.—This is the *coolest and best ventilated place of amusement in the city.*

Niblo's Garden.—This is decidedly the *best ventilated and coolest theatre ever constructed.*

So our readers will see that, according to the Sunday Courier, we have *two* of the *best* ventilated and coolest places of amusement in the city. Probably by next Sabbath our truthful friend will be able to inform us how many more coolest places we have amongst us.

Nursery Rhymes.

HIGH TAXES AND HIGH RENTS.

A Story of Reform in New York.

Once upon a time there was an old Dutchman, called Amsterdam, who had a great many poor children, who were unable, on account of high rents, to get bread enough to eat. So the old Dutchman went to the landlord, and he said,

"Landlord, landlord, reduce the rents, or I cannot get bread for my children."

Then the landlord said to him, "It is not my fault, my taxes are so very high that I have to make it up from my tenants, and I must raise my rents; you must pay up or leave, I cannot lose my rents. You had better speak to the aldermen about it."

So he went to the aldermen, and he said:

"Aldermen, aldermen, lessen the taxes, the taxes wont reduce the rents, and I cannot get bread for my children."

Then the aldermen said, "We have enough to attend to just now, we are busy about a railroad contract, and we cannot spare time to attend to your children. If the landlords charge too much, you had better go to the Judge."

So he went to the judge, and he said:

"Judge, judge, speak to the aldermen, the aldermen wont lessen the taxes, the taxes wont reduce the rents, and I cannot get bread for my children."

Then the judge said to him:

"I have got nothing against the aldermen, they never did anything to me, and why should I speak to the aldermen? You had better see the Governor, perhaps he can tell you what to do."

So he went to the Governor, and he said:

"Governor, governor, scold the judge, the judge wont speak to the aldermen, the aldermen wont lessen the taxes, the taxes wont reduce the rents, and I cannot get bread for my children."

Then the Governor said to him:

"It wont do for me to meddle with the judge, he never done anything to me, and besides he knows his own business best, and I know mine. If you think you are defrauded out of your just rights you had better tell your people to look at the old charter, and then you'll see how I'm fixed.

So he went to the Charter, and he said:

"Charter, charter, frighten the Governor, the Governor wont scold the judge, the judge wont speak to the aldermen, the aldermen wont lessen the taxes, the taxes wont reduce the rents, and I cannot get bread for my children."

Then the Charter said to him:

"I am getting too old, the Governor wont mind what I say, and he laughs at my old notions. You had better get your children to make a new charter, and then you will get along better.

So he went to the people, and he said:

"People, people, destroy the old charter, the old charter wont frighten the Governor, the Governor wont scold the judge, the judge wont speak to the aldermen, the aldermen wont lessen the taxes, the taxes wont reduce the rents, and I cannot get bread for my children."

Then the people began to make a new Charter, the new Charter began to frighten the Governor, the Governor began to scold the judge, the judge began to speak to the aldermen, the aldermen began to lessen the taxes, the taxes began to reduce the rents, and so the old Dutchman got bread for his children.

A Curious Race.

Benjamin Young and Conrad Lutz, owners of valuable horses, recently made a bet of $400 on a trial of the "speed and bottom" of their respective nags. The distance agreed upon was 60 miles—from Philadelphia to Trenton, and back. At 6 o'clock, on Thursday morning, the parties started, in sulkies, and drove to Trenton in three hours, through the hot sun. There they remained for a short time, and returned homewards; but before reaching the starting point, Lutz's horse fell dead in the road near Rock Run. At the time the poor animal died, Lutz was some four miles in the rear of Young, who reached the stable within the time specified, but all attempts to save the horse proved fruitless, and in half an hour after being taken from the sulky, it died. Before reaching home, Young was met by some acquaintances, who endeavored to dissuade him from continuing the race, but the unfeeling brute drove on, regardless of all entreaty. The thermometer, during the day, ranged from 86 to 96 degrees.

John Bull's Opinion.

A visitor to this country just returned to England, gives his fellow countrymen a not very flattering account of our Crystal Palace. Johnny *Bull* was rather *raw* when he *penned* the article.

"The Slaughter-house."

Another accident at the slaughter-house the other evening, but everything is kept so quiet at this place of amusement, that but very little notice is attracted by it. It is said that one of the ballet girls was so seriously injured that she now lies in a very precarious situation. If a person is injured by the falling of a brick pile, by being run over by a stage, or falling into an excavation, the authorities at once take cognizance of it, and the proprietors are made to answer. At the Slaughter-house, however, numerous accidents have already taken place, and yet they have hardly been noticed. When the seats for the audience give way, and kill a score or two, *perhaps* something will be done to remedy the like evil in future. The following we copy from the Daily Times:

SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT THE HIPPODROME.

On Friday evening, about ten minutes previous to the commencement of the performances at the Hippodrome, an accident occurred which may be attended with fatal results. It appears that in the course of the piece called, the "Fetes of Versailles," it is necessary for three or four of the ballet dancers to issue from a little alcove near one of the fountains; there is a passage underground communicating with it. One of the dancers, while ascending the staircase leading to the alcove, let her scarf fall on the light near the stairs; this instantly caught fire, and communicating with her dress, enveloped her in flames. She screamed for assistance, and two or three gentlemen leaped from the boxes to her aid, and pushed her to the fountain and threw her into the water, but too late to afford her material relief. She was carried out, suffering severely.

We are informed upon perfect reliable authority, that no proper attention was paid to her case by any of the management, and that she had scarcely been taken behind the scenes, when the band struck up a lively air. No explanation was given as to the extent of the injuries, and evasive answers were made to the anxious inquiries of several who had seen the occurrence. Her wounds were dressed by Drs. RAWLINGS and AYME, who attended her to her residence, where she now lies in a very critical condition,—her back, thighs, and arms being dreadfully burned. We have good authority for these statements, which we are the more anxious to publish, as an attempt was made to deceive the public, as to the extent and character of the accident, by the publication of the following, in the *Herald* of Saturday morning.

ACCIDENT AT THE HIPPODROME.—Yesterday evening, just before the performances commenced at the Hippodrome, the drapery of one of the dancing girls caught fire, and but for the presence of mind of a gentleman in the boxes, who tore his coat from his person, and enveloped completely the burning child, might have resulted fatally. Fortunately, she escaped with slight injury. We have no doubt but that two-thirds of the audience honestly believed this well-nigh fatal casualty to be part of the play, although not put down in the programme.

"Buy A Homestead."

"Buy a Homestead," say long advertisements and handbills circulated among the poorer classes for the sake of defrauding them of some of their hard earnings. Don't you do it, say we. It is but another building association concern, originated by heartless speculators, not for the benefit of the poor man, but for their own monied interest. Look at those handbills, circulated through the medium of a portion of the Sunday press, see how nice everything is made to appear on paper, with pictures and maps, a beautiful stream of water flowing near the grounds, with a beautiful mansion on the banks, the said mansion to be given away to the purchaser who is lucky enough to draw the said lot and mansion, when the lottery takes place. How many poor individuals were defrauded of their money during the building association excitement a few years since, and how many of them were glad to leave those associations before their losses became greater! Is the homestead bubble any better? Is it likely to prove a benefit to the poor man for whom the speculators design it? We think not. It is but another capitalist bubble, with all its glitter and outside show, enticing the laborer and mechanic to its centre of attraction, and when it has been inflated with their hard-earned dollars, it will suddenly burst, leaving them nothing but poverty and indebtedness. Touch not the unclean thing, or if you will touch it, examine it well, pay not one copper until you have satisfied yourselves that it is all it professes to be, and that it will be to your own interest to invest your money in it. The great regard in which mechanics and laborers are held by capitalists and speculators should warn them to be on the look out to inquire into the motives actuating these monied men, and to hold fast unto that which they now have, but which may be unexpectedly taken from them. Advertisements pay the press to keep quiet upon the subject, and we consider that same press to be connivers at these attempted frauds by their silence. Don't buy a homestead!

A Real Yankee Notion.

During the present season, when the eyes of the nation are looking forward to the time appointed for the opening of the Crystal Palace, in which will be exhibited the various manufactures and inventions of the world, it is a pleasing task to note the many beautiful improvements recently made by MESSRS. RAFFERTY & LEASK, of No. 57 *Chatham street*, in their unsurpassed and durable style of hats. Not satisfied with what has already been done, they have recently conceived the truly original idea of applying one of the most useful arts to their manufactures, and now every purchaser of a hat at their establishment has his daguerreotype likeness placed in his hat free of expense. The daguerreotypes are taken in a truly artistic manner, and impart additional beauty to the interior of the hat.

Gems of Art.

An hour cannot be spent more pleasantly than by visiting the Picture Gallery of Mr. E. B. ROGERS, No. 161 Fulton street, and inspecting the varied assortment of beautiful engravings to be seen at this gallery. Paintings that cannot be found at any other establishment in this city, may here be had in great variety, and at extremely low rates. Call in and examine, even if you do not desire to purchase.

The Maine Law.

Its Supporters and Its Opponents.

The Maine Liquor Law has already passed one branch of our State Legislature, and there is no possibility of doubt but that it will pass the other branch, and then it will be brought before the people for their approval or disapproval, at the fall election in November next. In view of this fact, the people should ponder well before they conclude to give their sanction to such an overbearing and arbitrary law as this has already proved to be in those States where it has been tried. The constitutionality of the law is disputed by many gentlemen, whose legal position enables them to obtain such facts bearing upon the case as tend to convince them of its inefficiency and uselessness for the suppression of those evils it is intended to reform. In a case brought before one of the judges in the State of Maine, it was decided that the law was unconstitutional, and in fact a nullity; and thus it cannot fail of being so decided by every judge before whom it shall be tested.

Are the great masses of the people of this commercial metropolis anxious for the enactment of this insane law? We cannot believe they are. They have always enjoyed the largest liberty, and we see no good reason why at this particular juncture they should desire to be deprived of that liberty. If a few fanatics consider themselves aggrieved by our license system, let them first endeavor to correct that evil, if they see fit, but to attempt to force upon our citizens such a law, as the Maine liquor law, will only tend to bring about such a state of things as will cause more crime and wretchedness in our midst, than has ever before been known. We have no fear that the law will meet the approval of the people at the fall election, yet its opponents should wake up, and see that measures be taken in time to counteract the tremendous efforts now making by the "Maniacs" to ensure its success. Organize for the campaign. Stand up for those rights vouchsafed to us by the constitution, and convince insane fanatics that we know our rights, and will endeavor to retain them. Wake up.

Effects of the late Heat.

The bill of mortality for the past week, shows the extraordinary number of five hundred and sixty-one deaths, an increase of two hundred and thirty-two deaths over the preceding week. This increase is to be attributed to the great heat of that week. Now that fruit is beginning to appear, it is to be hoped that our citizens will be careful in its use, and thus avoid sickness, if not death.

The Yacht Silvie.

This beautiful yacht, which sailed from here lately, for England, to take part in the great Regatta at Cowes, on the second of August next, put into Halifax on the 19th ult., on account of the sickness of the mate. The S. sailed again after procuring a new mate.

The Theatres.

There is but little comfort at theatres, during the summer season, and the natural consequence is, that some of them have closed, and those that remain open are playing to a beggarly account of empty benches. Nothing new in the theatrical line worth recording.

Talk on 'Change.

Owing to the great fire up-town the other evening, ashes have become plenty, and lumber more scarce. Gold and silver continue scarce, and in great demand, notwithstanding the recent new coinage supply from the Mint. The warm weather had a tendeney to make a great demand for the Mint in New York, but as it cannot be removed from Philadelphia at present, we had to content ourselves with the mint in julip, which wasn't bad to take.

A gentleman stated that Captain Maloney had been indicted by the Grand Jury for cruel treatment to his crew at sea. It was hoped that the merchants would again stand by him, and see that he escaped the meshes of the law. Sensation.

A poor old worn-out sailor applied for a little charity, but he was given in charge of a policeman.

It was suggested by a political gentleman present, that any futher attempts to sentence the Tammany Hall rioters would be useless, as a committee was about to be appointed to test the question of their insanity or imbecility. The gentleman did not state whether it was the rioters' or the judge's imbecility that was to be tested.

A gentleman stated that the free excursions for the press had resulted so favorably that it was in contemplation to get up a series of free excursions, in order to secure the influence of the press against the proposed railroad bill. Adjourned.

Wood's Minstrels.

Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, this old and favorite company still continue to draw good houses; and indeed there is no place in the city where the bump of fun and mirthfulness can be better satisfied than at Wood's.

Grisi and Mario.

These singers signed the agreement to come to America, and to remain for five months, on the 8th of June. They are to receive £17,000 for their trip, and have all their expenses paid. They are to appear exclusively in operas.

London.

The deaths in London during the week ending June 4, were 1,023; births 758 boys and 686 girls.

The American Yacht Stranger.

At the Royal Mersey Yacht Club Match on Saturday, 4th of June, the American yacht Stranger, was entered, but was unsuccessful in proving herself a good sailer, being the last yacht in the race, or in other words, she was "nowhere." The Stranger was built by Messrs. Fish & Morton, of this city, and was taken to England by Norman Jackson, Esq.

It has been discovered since the race that the Stranger twisted her rudder-head early in the day, which may account for her being behindhand.

We shall endeavor to give the full account of the race, which was deeply interesting, in our next.

Getting Enough of It.

In consequence of the continued falling off in the audiences at the Hippodrome, but three afternoon performances will be given during the week. Humbug must finally find its level.

A Scent of Five Points.

Owing to the treatment the excursionists received at the place where they put up for the night, as recorded in our last, the party were compelled to return to the place from whence they came, and there be hung up to dry. They had already been satisfied with the scent of Five Points, although they had progressed but a short distance on their route.

Jones and Donnelly.

Read the full particulars of the second fight between Jones and Donnelly. It was a hard contested battle, and resulted differently from what had been anticipated.

Fourth of July in Philadelphia.

The authorities of Philadelphia have determined to arrest all persons guilty of shooting off guns, pistols, crackers, &c, in that city on the 4th. Old fogy notions still prevail in the Quaker City. Let the boys have a little freedom on the 4th, if you wish them to retain their patriotic principles.

A Chance for Fast Clippers.

A Prize of $500 has been offered by the merchants of New Orleans to the master of the vessel, that between the 15th June, 1853, and the same date 1854, shall make the quickest run from the mouth of the Mississippi to Liverpool.

A Real Yankee Notion.

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Are the great masses of the people of this commercial metropolis anxious for the enactment of this insane law? We cannot believe they are. They have always enjoyed the largest liberty, and we see no good reason why at this particular juncture they should desire to be deprived of that liberty. If a few fanatics consider themselves aggrieved by our license system, let them first endeavor to correct that evil, if they see fit, but to attempt to force upon our citizens such a law, as the Maine liquor law, will only tend to bring about such a state of things as will cause more crime and wretchedness in our midst, than has ever before been known. We have no fear that the law will meet the approval of the people at the fall election, yet its opponents should wake up, and see that measures be taken in time to counteract the tremendous efforts now making by the "Maniacs" to ensure its success. Organize for the campaign. Stand up for those rights vouchsafed to us by the constitution, and convince insane fanatics that we know our rights, and will endeavor to retain them. Wake up.

Effects of the late Heat.

The bill of mortality for the past week, shows the extraordinary number of five hundred and sixty-one deaths, an increase of two hundred and thirty-two deaths over the preceding week. This increase is to be attributed to the great heat of that week. Now that fruit is beginning to appear, it is to be hoped that our citizens will be careful in its use, and thus avoid sickness, if not death.

The Yacht Silvie.

This beautiful yacht, which sailed from here lately, for England, to take part in the great Regatta at Cowes, on the second of August next, put into Halifax on the 9th ult., on account of the sickness of the mate. The S. sailed again after procuring a new mate.

The Theatres.

There is but little comfort at theatres, during the summer season, and the natural consequence is, that some of them have closed, and those that remain open are playing to a beggarly account of empty benches. Nothing new in the theatrical line worth recording.

Talk on 'Change.

Owing to the great fire up-town the other evening, ashes have become plenty, and lumber more scarce. Gold and silver continue scarce, and in great demand, notwithstanding the recent new coinage supply from the Mint. The warm weather had a tendency to make a great demand for the Mint in New York, but as it cannot be removed from Philadelphia at present, we had to content ourselves with the mint in julip, which wasn't bad to take.

A gentleman stated that Captain Maloney had been indicted by the Grand Jury for cruel treatment to his crew at sea. It was hoped that the merchants would again stand by him, and see that he escaped the meshes of the law. Sensation.

A poor old worn-out sailor applied for a little charity, but he was given in charge of a policeman.

It was suggested by a political gentleman present, that any futher attempts to sentence the Tammany Hall rioters would be useless, as a committee was about to be appointed to test the question of their insanity or imbecility. The gentleman did not state whether it was the rioters' or the judge's imbecility that was to be tested.

A gentleman stated tnat the free excursions for the press had resulted so favorably that it was in contemplation to get up a series of free excursions, in order to secure the influence of the press against the proposed railroad bill. Adjourned.

Wood's Minstrels.

Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, this old and favorite company still continue to draw good houses; and indeed there is no place in the city where the bump of fun and mirthfulness can be better satisfied than at Wood's.

Grisi and Mario.

These singers signed the agreement to come to America, and to remain for five months, on the 8th of June. They are to receive £17,000 for their trip, and have all their expenses paid. They are to appear exclusively in operas.

London.

The deaths in London during the week ending June 4, were 1,023; births 758 boys and 686 girls.

The American Yacht Stranger.

At the Royal Mersey Yacht Club Match on Saturday, 4th of June, the American yacht Stranger, was entered, but was unsuccessful in proving herself a good sailer, being the last yacht in the race, or in other words, she was "nowhere." The Stranger was built by Messrs. Fish & Morton, of this city, and was taken to England by Norman Jackson, Esq.

It has been discovered since the race that the Stranger twisted her rudder-head early in the day, which may account for her being behindhand.

We shall endeavor to give the full account of the race, which was deeply interesting, in our next.

Getting Enough of It.

In consequence of the continued falling off in the audiences at the Hippodrome, but three afternoon performances will be given during the week. Humbug must finally find its level.

A Scent of Five Points.

Owing to the treatment the excursionists received at the place where they put up for the night, as recorded in our last, the party were compelled to return to the place from whence they came, and there be hung up to dry. They had already been satisfied with the scent of Five Points, although they had progressed but a short distance on their route.

Jones and Donnelly.

Read the full particulars of the second fight between Jones and Donnelly. It was a hard contested battle, and resulted differently from what had been anticipated.

Fourth of July in Philadelphia.

The authorities of Philadelphia have determined to arrest all persons guilty of shooting off guns, pistols, crackers, &c., in that city on the 4th. Old fogy notions still prevail in the Quaker City. Let the boys have a little freedom on the 4th, if you wish them to retain their patriotic principles.

A Chance for Fast Clippers.

A Prize of $500 has been offered by the merchants of New Orleans to the master of the vessel, that between the 15th June, 1853, and the same date 1854, shall make the quickest run from the mouth of the Mississippi to Liverpool.

The Crystal Palace.

Several of our city papers are finding fault with the numerous refreshment houses, &c., in the neighborhood of the Crystal Palace, and some of them say what will foreign visitors think of us? This is the great objection. Foreigners will not like it, and it will lessen us as a great people in the eyes of those foreigners. We do not think our English visitors will make much objection to the beer-houses around the Palace, for nothing pleases them so much as a "mug of 'alf and 'alf." Besides, if we allow the business to be monopolized by a few, our citizens will have to pay very dearly for their refreshments. Competition is the life of trade, and as the vicinity of the Palace will be thronged during the summer by persons who cannot afford to pay a high price for little luxuries, we go in strong for taking the business out of the hands of the few, and dividing it among the many. Let those persons who keep refreshment places near the Palace club together and get up a feed for the press, and they will be unmolested in future. Try it.

Grand Flotilla Excursion.

This, Thursday evening, a grand excursion will be given by a company of gentlemen, whose names are a sufficient guarantee that the event will prove to be the grand affair of the season. The new and commodious steamer Mayo, with double-decks, has been engaged, and when we mention that Shelton's splendid band will be on hand, it is enough to insure a large and lively company. Tickets can be procured at Messrs. Walnut and Radford's, Broadway near Fulton-street, Corporal Thompson, opposite the Crystal Palace, and other places. The steamer leaves the dock at Grand-street, at 7½ o'clock. Catherine Ferry, Brooklyn, at 8 o'clock. Pier 3, North River, at 8½ o'clock; foot of Spring-st., at 9 o'clock, and proceeds up the Hudson River.

The British Frigate Leander.

Some complaint has been made by certain parties that the Officers of the British Frigate Leander have not received very courteous treatment at the hands of our civil authorities. This may be true enough, and it is a matter of regret that the ever-ready hospitality of the Americans should have failed to extend the usual courtesies of the nation on this particular occasion, more especially as the Leander was the bearer of England's principal contributions to the World's Fair, but we do not think the matter should create such anxious grounds of censure as have been made.

Perhaps it is not generally known in this city *that this same English Frigate Leander was guilty of a most gross outrage in the year* 1807, *by firing into an American coasting vessel, and killing several of the crew.* We do not suppose that the recollection of this event had anything to do in influencing our city authorities in the course they had pursued in regard to her, neither do we judge that the officer who was injured in Chatham-street one night last week, owes those injuries to retaliatory spirit of some of our fast young men.

Our Irish Letter.

New York, June 12.

Don't be a greeving fur me, muther dere, bekase I'm out iv that live burying ground, called the Tombs. The Widdy Casey cum to see me, the crature, and paid the 3 cints, an I wos let out. If it wussent that I didden't like to be buryd alive in that grate big place, I wuddent ave pade the divil a cint to that durthy soger-wather man fur his electrified dishwather.

Och, but it's little peeple wud be havin to do, to be invinting sich places fur human beins. Fesh it's no wondher the Aldermin diddent cum here accordin to their sintence; oh, no, it's not a fit place fur *thim* gintlemen, but it's good enouf for sich poor divils as me an the like. But ye know, musher, that this is a counthry of *freedom an equalithy*. Shure it is; an what dye say no fur.

I am tould I cin be an Alderman, if I playze, but thanks be to the Lord I've a karacther yet to loose, an I wuddent be among sich a pack iv unhung villins. A sthreet swaper gets more respect thin an Aldherman here. Tim Muckilvaney an meself wint to see the Crustal Pallis last Sunday, an the divil annuder sich a place to be seen, even in Kilmacuddy, the finest place in all Ireland. There's sheebeen shops widout stint, and av coorse, it's there ye'll be after seein me own countrymen—fur wherever the whiskey is they are. Tim tuk me in to see an illefant wid 3 hind legs, an a bull wid 6toes on his left fut. We seen a pig, too, wid 3 ears and an extra elbow, an also a hen troubled wid a fit av the croup. The ellifant, fur convanience, carrries his oun trunk; an the bull, to be always in liquor, kapes wid him a cupple in horns. I've no time to tell ye more iv the sites now. So give Peggeen a poge undher the smeller fur me, an take wan for yuresilf, frum

Yure affecshunate

SHAMUS.

☞ "I can't leave you *long*, my dear," as the husband affectionately remarked to his diminutive partner.

The Injured Ballet Girl.

The *accident* which took place on Friday evening, at the Hippodrome, by which a young lady, employed at that establishment, was seriously and perhaps fatally injured, is beginning to attract the attention it deserves. The name of the unfortunate girl is AUGUSTA TAYLOR. She is 22 years old, and resides with an old lady at No. 107 Willett-street. Two weeks ago, on the production of the new piece, "The Fêtes at Versailles," she was engaged by M. Howe, of the Hippodrome, with about twenty other ladies, as an additional force to give effect to the piece in question. The burning of her dress, and the fearful injuries she received thereby, are already known to the public. She became worse, and is now unable to move her body. The burns on her breast and face are very frightful. *She blames the carelessness of the Hippodrome management, in not protecting the candles, by glass globes*, as has *since* been done.

Tipton Slasher and Harry Broome.

By reference to our Sporting Department it will be seen that a match is about to be made between Tipton Slasher and Harry Broome for 300 sovereigns a side. It will perhaps be remembered by our readers, that Broome obtained the Championship from the Slasher on account of the latter giving a foul blow. Tipton is anxious to regain his lost laurels, and for this purpose a match will be made.

A Novel Discussion.

Recently a public discussion took place between Rev. Mr. Orvis and C. C. Burleigh. The question was—

"*Are the American Church and Ministry a Brotherhood of Thieves?*"

The matter had not come to a conclusion at the last accounts, but it was supposed that it would go rather hand with them. Who says the New York Aldermen are the *baddest* men in existence, after this *awful disclosure?*

A Good Price.

The price paid by J. M. Bishop to O. F. Holabird, for his thirteen head of cattle and sheep now on exhibition near the Crystal Palace, was seventeen thousand dollars.

High Price of Feed.

An Anti-beef-eating Association has been formed in Philadelphia. The members pledge themselves against eating any meat which costs more than eight cents a pound. The present price is eighteen cents a pound.

A Fatal Bet.

A negro man died in Newark last week, from eating strawberries. A wager had been laid that he could not eat ten baskets full. He accomplished the feat, won the wager, and died almost immediately after.

A Challenge.

The schooner Lewis R. Mackey challenges the schooner George S. Wood to sail a match from the foot of Charlton street around the South West Spit, and back to the place of starting for the sum of $500 or $1000. Said vessel to carry foresail, mainsail, jib, and maingaff topsail. To sail on the 4th of July, 1853. Inquire at A. Foshay's, corner of Charlton and West street.

Challenge Accepted.

The owners of the Pride of the Sea accept the challenge of Captain C. A. Fairchild to sail his clipper yacht D. L. Sturges, or any other vessel of similar tonnage as the Pride of the Sea, for $500 or $2500, to sail from any given point and on any day that may be agreed upon by the parties during the coming week. Immediate decision is necessary as the Pride of the Sea is nearly loaded for Australia. The owners may be seen at No. 178 South street. S. B. Hodges, commander.

The Man and the Parachute.

A FUNNY SPECTACLE.

A Paris letter writer under date of June 9, says:

Day before yesterday was a great occasion at the Hippodrome. Their Majesties attended the performance, in order to witness the descent, from an elevation of 3,000 feet, of M. LETUR, in his navigable parachute. I confess a foible for aeronautics, and, at the appointed hour, had taken up a favorable position in the shadow of the Arch of Triumph. For it was evident that if there was the least breeze, the balloon could not fail to disappear from the range of the audience within the Hippodrome, before it could attain the promised altitude of half a mile. There was a large attendance in the vicinity, and doubtless the fact that the spectacle might there be viewed for nothing, was the motive that collected it there. The promises of the show-bill were very fair, and a certain pomposity of language, not used in France, had served to heighten the expectations entertained. As these: "The Flying Man will be launched into space at an elevation of 1000 yards;" "The Navigable Parachute will be cut loose at 5 o'clock precisely." At 5½ there was no sign of any uprising whatever; at twenty minutes to six, a hum from the Hippodrome gave the outsiders notice that the Flying Man was off.

The balloon rose gracefully, dragging after it what appeared to be a huge blanket caught up in the middle, the four corners hanging down and completely shrouding the operator. It was evident he was there, however, for the wings fastened to his back, and which stretched out beyond the folds of the parachute, were observed to be revolving slowly, as if M. LETUR was trying the crank, and making sundry preliminary preparations. The balloon went up fast, and at the distance of 3,000 feet *there seemed to be no disposition on the part of either the aeronaut or the flying man to sunder the connection between them.*. Suddenly, the balloon was observed to lose its symmetrical form, and to be but a segment of what it was a moment ago. An enormous escape of gas had taken place, and a very decided disposition to come back again, was the immediate consequence. Had the parachutist cut the rope now, all would have been well; but he seemed desirous of clinging to the fortunes of his companion in the story above. Down they came together—the balloon looking like a baked pear in shape, half its inside having oozed away, and the parachute partly opened from the pressure of the wind underneath. The whole concern was upon the point of touching ground, when the Flying Man, seized with a sudden fit of heroism, cut the cord, and, in the language of the play bill, was "launched into space," *at the elevation of a five-barred gate, about.* Short as his descent was, he seemed to lose his breath and his senses, for he only flurried his wings once, and I could not see that their effort was in the least to modify the direction of his return trip.

Jones and Donnelly.

The battle money for this event was handed to Jones, at Jem Burn's, on Wednesday, in the presence of a large muster of sporting characters. Both men were present, and had almost recovered from their late encounter. A subscription was raised for Donnelly, which amounted to £10. Langham and Tom Sayers were present, and some talk of match-making took place, but nothing was done. Caunt's big-un was also in the room, and said he would fight Poulson for £50 a side, but, as Burn was not authorised to stake any money for the latter, of course no match could be agreed on.

☞ Let the polite world take notice of the following classical renovation of an old phrase:

"*Brought up all standing*" will hereafter be used as follows:—

Arrested by a strong, opposing force,
And struck into the perpendicular!

TO SPORTSMEN, CALIFORNIANS, AND OTHERS.

Alfred Woodham,
No. 160 Fulton-street, one door West of Broadway,
OPPOSITE "ST. PAUL'S" CHURCH.

Importer and Dealer in Guns, Pistols and Cutlery, is constantly receiving from Manufacturers a full assortment of the above articles, as well as all articles in the Sporting line, viz: Dram Bottles, Shot Pouches, Percussion Caps, Gun Wadding, &c., &c. "Colt's" Patent Pistols, Fishing Tackle, &c.

Sole Agent for "Klein's" Patent Primers and Cartridges for Patent Needle Gun.

"Porter's" Patent Revolving and Repeating Rifles.

All of which are offered at very low prices. The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.

RAFFERTY & LEASK

are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $4; and in addition giving each customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham, opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

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For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.

If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.

My Vegetable Strengthening Bitters is a speedy and permanent cure for all weakness of the organs of generation, and for that terrible affliction, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions. It has not, in a single instance, failed to effect a radical cure where it has been tried. Office arranged so that persons never meet going in or out. I have private rooms for each person. Medicines carefully put up and sent to all parts of the United States, with advice and full directions.

GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.
Successor to Dr. George W. Bond.

Office, corner of Orchard and Grand-sts., New York. Entrance, No, 65 Orchard Street.

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☞ Price of Vegetable Strengthening Bitters $1 per bottle.

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CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floor Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide.

SALES ROOM No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

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CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

SALES ROOM No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices; 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

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DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

SALES ROOM No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

SALES ROOM No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

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Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold 20 per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

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All the Morning papers are sent by the early train on the morning of their publication, and by this arrangement with the numerous Rail Road and Steamboat lines, we are enabled to pack cheap publications &c., in the same bundle, so that our patrons not only secure their orders in advance, but at the same time save the expense of freight on the extra packages of Books and Magazines.

Now all of you Country Dealers who are bothered almost to death by the lateness and irregularity of your bundles, send on the *Cash* and give the *Working Firm* a trial, and you will have no cause in future to complain. "*Care and Speed*" is our motto.

MYERS'
Empire Stove Polish,
FOR POLISHING
GRATES, STOVES, STOVE PIPES,

Or any *Ornamental Work* of *Cast Iron* or *Wood*; which for *cleanliness* in its application, *beauty* and *durability* of its *Lustre*, is warranted to be *superior to any thing* heretofore offered to the public for that purpose. All orders addressed to

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will meet with prompt attention.

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R. R. R.
REMEDIES

R. R. R.

LIFE, HEALTH, STRENGTH,

PURE BLOOD, SOUND BODY, AND CLEAR SKIN, IS INSURED TO ALL WHO TAKE RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT.

ITS QUICK ACTION.

The moment this powerful Renovator of the Blood and Resolver of Disease is taken into the body, it commences its work of cleansing and purification.

Bones that are rotten with poisonous and diseased deposits, are made sound and whole by its action.

BAD BLOOD.

Blood that has become impregnated with corrupt humors and poisonous admixtures, is quickly cleansed and purified, and made clean and healthy.

DISEASED ORGANS.

Organs that have been deranged and prostrated, and rendered incapable of performing their natural functions, are suddenly invigorated and strengthened, and enabled to perform their natural duties.

IT REGENERATES

Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.

DISEASED ACTION.

Wherever there is pain or uneasiness, or sores, or itching of the skin or parts of the body—wherever either one or more of the organs is unable to perform its functions in a natural way,

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

Will quickly resolve away from the system the cause of all diseased action, and restore each and every organ to their natural strength and vigor.

LADIES IN ILL HEALTH,

Suffering from unnatural drains and all other complaints incident to females, are assured that RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will invigorate, regenerate, and make sound and healthy, the unsound parts of each and every organ that is in a diseased and unnatural condition.

THE TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS,

But many trees bear no fruit at all. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will remove all unnatural causes from the generative organs, and will assist the procreative functions in their natural duties.

Let none despair of bearing good fruit; for, as sure as the Renovating Resolvent is taken, the tree will blossom, and in due time bring forth its fruits, free from disease or any hereditary ailments.

WEAKNESS

In Male or Female is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous, and healthy. Impotence and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs is quickly removed, and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.

LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS.

In WOMEN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits, a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly remove, and make the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY, and DEPRESSED feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY

BAD BLOOD

Makes bad flesh, unsound bones, weak nerves, lame joints, and in fact an unhealthy body. Let the blood be tainted or impregnated with poison, and the parts of the system formed of poisonous blood will likewise become diseased. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will make the blood pure and healthy, renovate every organ and secretion of the system, and resolve away all diseased and unhealthy deposits.

SKIN DISEASES.

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT is a quick and powerful Sudorific. It acts upon the skin and its secretions, freeing this organ from all corrupt visitations, cleansing its pores from poisonous humors, and freeing its external layer or surface from Sores, Blotches, Pimples, and other disfigurements.

PUTRID FLESH.

A man, aged 40, in his youth was indiscreet and contracted a loathsome disease which threatened his life. He was a victim of ill-treatment—he was salivated with mercury, and for years his body has been covered with foul and corrupt humors. He commenced the use of RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT. He had used but one bottle when all the mercurial deposits were driven out of his system. He is now well.

SALT RHEUM.

The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman, who supposed that this complaint was hereditary in his family, and had been affected with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the

POISONOUS RHEUM
ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.

SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

Diseases that have been lingering in the system for five, ten, or twenty years, where the human body itself is part and parcel of diseased matter, where the bones have become soft and carious, causing the ends of them to ulcerate — where Nodes, Bronchital Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, and Cancers afflict the system—where Syphilis in its many forms, like a leprosy, burns within the human body, spreading its poisonous flame to every organ of the system,

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

has speedily Resolved away all corrupt and poisonous material—Renovated the system—purified the blood, and built up a new body with new and healthy blood.

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

is sold by Druggists generally.

BRUISES.

Radway's Ready Relief, applied to a bruise or wound, will instantly allay the pain and prevent the skin from becoming discolored. Gentlemen who indulge in pugilistic amusements, should keep by them a bottle of R. R. R.; if any accident should occur, by which their skin would be bruised or personal appearance disfigured, an application of R. R. R. will remove all difficulties, and keep the skin whole and sound.

Price of R. R. Relief $1.00, 50 and 25 cts.

RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Continued from 1st page.

12. A little sparring for wind now took place, until Jones bestirred himself, jumped in and let go both hands, but Donnelly stepped quickly away. Jones tried again, with a like result, three times in succession. More sparring now took place, until Jones rushed in, caught Donnelly round the neck, and, after a short struggle, threw and fell on him.

13. Jones rattled in, delivered his right heavily on the ribs, but got a nasty one on the nose and another on his left squinter for his pains. Another rally took place, in which Jones received the lion's share of punishment, the cork being again drawn from his snout, and in the end Donnelly got down.

14. Jones dashed at his man at once with resolution, but was met with severity on the mazzard and smeller; he, nevertheless, succeeded in reaching Ned's ribs with his right, and, after a sharp rally in favor of Donnelly, the latter got down. One hour had now elapsed.

15. Jones came at his man like a bull at a gate, but Donnelly, in stepping back, caught his heel in the grass, and fell through the ropes.

16. Jones took the initiative, but missed both hands; he tried a second time, but only run his nose against Donnelly's left mawley. Donnelly now stepped back, dodged with his left, and as Jones came at him again, planted it on his snout, and as he came a second time gave him one for his nob on the ivories. Jones at length reached Ned's ribs with his right, and Donnelly, in getting back, fell, Jones following his example.

17. Jones, as usual, commenced business, but was met on the left ogle by a cross hit from Donnelly's left. Donnelly then stepped back, followed by Jack who let go both hands, which Donnelly cleverly avoided by ducking his head. Jones made several attempts to plant upon him, but Donnelly got away every time, propping his man now and again on the left eye and nose. At length Jones caught Donnelly very slightly on the left ear, and Donnelly, in stepping back again, caught his heel and fell on his back through the ropes.

18. Jones, fearless as ever, dashed at his man, but missed with both hands; he turned his back to avoid the return, but quickly returning to the charge, again lunged out. Donnelly, however, caught him on the jaw with his left heavily, stopped his return, and jumped away. Donnelly now steadied himself, caught Jones on the mouth heavily with his left, and repeated the dose on the jaw. Jones at length caught Ned over the left brow, re-opening the old cut, and Donnelly got down. While in his corner, Tom Sayers had to sew up Ned's boot, his toe having come through a hole made by Jones's spike.

19. Donnelly came up with the tap turned on from his left brow. Jones at once went at him, but was prettily stopped. Donnelly now feinted, let go his left well on the nose twice without a return, producing a fresh supply of crimson. Jones savagely dashed in, but was propped on the mouth and nose and then on the left eye; he returned on the body and left cheek, and Donnelly got down.

20. Jones commenced with his usual rush, which Donnelly easily avoided Jones being unable to pull up until he ran against the ropes. On recovering, and making a second attempt, he was stopped. A third time Donnelly met him on the left eye, and after Jones had made a couple more attempts, Donnelly closed and threw him, falling on him

21. Jones was stopped in three attempts to lead off, and on making a fourth he reached Ned's left cheek heavily, the latter countering him on the mouth severely. Jones persevered, caught Ned on the side of the head, and then closing, hugged and hung upon Donnelly's neck for some time at the ropes, until Donnelly succeeded in getting down.

22. Donnelly came up by no means improved by the friendly embrace in the last round. Jones, seeing this, dashed out, but got it heavily on the nose for his pains, a fresh supply of ruby being the result. Donnelly tried to follow up his advantage, but Jones stepped quickly away, and, as Donnelly followed him up, caught him heavily on the side of the head and ribs, and Donnelly got down.

23. Some sparring took place, Donnelly trying to get at Jones, who was never still for a moment, but worked round his man for an opening, and jumped away from several of Ned's attempts. At length Jones let go, but Donnelly ducked. Jones rushed to in-fighting, at which he had the best of the game, caught Donnelly on the left brow and left jaw, and the latter got down.

24. Donnelly tried again to draw his man, who, however, was too cautious, shifted about on his pins, until he thought he saw an opening, when he rushed at his opponent, who stopped him twice in succession. Jones then stopped Donnelly's return, dashed in resolutely, got a nasty one on the smeller, and another on the right cheek, and, on Donnelly getting a slight hit on the top of the head, he (Donnelly) got down.

25. Donnelly stopped several well-meant attempts on the part of Jones, who, however, at length succeeded in getting well home on his mouth and cheek. Donnelly returned on the left ogle, and both fell, side by side.

26 Jones led off, but was very short. He tried again, and some sharp exchanges followed, left and right, in favor of Jones, Donnelly getting down, weak.

27. Jones came up grinning, and immediately led off with his right. Donnelly stopped him, planted his left on the side of Jones's cheek, and the latter fell on the lower rope. Donnelly declined to take advantage of him, but waited until Jones had recovered himself, when the latter rushed at Ned, got home slightly on the left eyebrow, but in the end was thrown, Donnelly on him.

28. Jones went to his man, and some good rattling exchanges took place to a close, when both fell, Jones under.

29. Jones, as usual, first to work, and apparently as strong on his legs as when he began. Donnelly waited for his rush, and caught him heavily on the throat, and then on the right eye and mouth, Jones coming for it each time with the utmost determination. This was a tremendous round. They stood and hit away ding dong, neither standing on any repairs. The hits of Donnelly seemed to do most execution, and Jones's ogles both apreared to be shutting up shop. In the close both were down, Jones under.

30. Jones, nothing daunted, again went at his opponent, who met him heavily on the right cheek with his left. Jones succeeded in getting home on the left side of Ned's knowledge box. Another exciting series of exchanges followed—Jones's deliveries appearing straighter and more precise than heretofore. Donnelly, however, caught him heavily on the smeller, and staggered him, but he came again as if nothing had happened, rattled away with both hands to a close and struggle, when both were down, Donelly under, but with the best of the hitting. He had not a black eye, although his left cheek, ear, and side of his head were much swollen, while Jones's peepers were both going.

31. Jones, still on the same suit, bored in, was again and again jobbed between the eyes and on the nozzle. His determination at length enabled him to reach Donnelly's left cheek, when the latter stepped back to draw him again. Jones came for it, got one on the left eye, and then one on the nose; Donnelly, in return, getting another heavy one on the left cheek from Jones's right. Jones now persevered, succeeded twice more in delivering his right heavy round hit on Ned's left cheek, receiving slightly on the nose in return, and in the end Donnelly got down. Jones walking to his corner.

32 Jones led off, was stopped, and got it heavily on his right eye returned on the left jaw of Donnelly heavily, which led to a sharp rally, in which Donnelly had the best of the hitting, and got down.

33. Jones came up as brisk as a bee, and dashed out both hands, but Ned ducked and got away, returning with great quickness on Jones's cheek. Jones, whose head was dreadfully punished, merely shook himself; he was as strong as ever on his pins, and once more went to work with resolution, and was met heavily on the nose and mouth, from which the Burgundy once more flowed; he persevered, caught Ned on the nose and right cheek heavily, and Donnelly, after making one or two severe returns on the mouth and nose, got down laughing. Offers were now made of 4 to 1 on Donnelly, but they were not taken.

34. Jones came up looking determined and fierce; he tried to lead off, but was stopped twice. At length he reached Ned's left cheek with his right, and then his left ogle with his left. He missed a second attempt, and received a tremendous hit between the eyes, which drew an extra dose of crimson, and made both his peepers sparkle. This Donnelly repeated with great effect, and drove Jones on to the lower rope, where he was in a most dangerous position, and at the mercy of Donnelly, who declined to take advantage of him, and allowed him to recover his perpendicular amidst cries of "Bravo Donnelly." Jones, on getting on his legs, dashed in again, was jobbed heavily on the mouth, eyes, and nose, he returned with severity on Donnelly's nose, removing the bark, and the latter got down. Jones's eyes were nearly closed, but after this round a medical gentleman present operated upon his left peeper in such a way as to enable him to see almost as clearly as at first.

35 and last. Jones on coming up instantly dashed at his opponent, but was propped with severity on both eyes and nose. He returned heavily on Ned's mouth, and this led to some heavy in fighting, during which Jones succeeded in catching his gallant opponent a tremendous right-hander on the point of his left jaw under the ear, which sent him to grass, a fair knock down blow. The back of poor Ned's nut came in violent contact with mother earth, and it was clear to every one that it was all over. He hung upon his seconds as they carried him to his corner, and although more than a minute was given he was unable to come to "*time*," and the gallant Portsmouth hero was proclaimed the victor amidst the uproarious cheers of his friends. It was some two minutes before Donnelly recovered himself, and even then he was apparently dumbfounded, and could not account for having lost the battle, which he had for some rounds evidently set down as his own. The fight lasted *two hours and six minutes.*

REMARKS.

This battle, like the first encounter between these men, tells its own tale, and requires but few remarks at our hands. It was a downright good old-fashioned English fight. Each man stood and fought like a lion, and received his punishment without flinching. Jones appeared to us stronger than on the first occasion, while Donnelly seemed, on the contrary, to be weak. It will be remembered that on that day Donnelly knocked his man down several times, while, on Wednesday last, he never once succeeded in putting Jones out of the perpendicular. Jones is quicker on his legs than he was on the first fight, and did not throw away quite so many chances. Although towards the conclusion of the fight some persons offered 4 to 1 on Donnelly, we are of opinion that at no period in the fight was it justifiable to lay more than 5 to 4. Jones was to the last strong on his legs, and could hit with as much effect as at the commencement, and he is a man who is never beaten until he is either blind or deaf to time. He could, in our opinion, have stood for another half hour, provided he were not blinded, and although Donnelly had certainly two good eyes to the last, still he was very much punished about the ribs and the left side of his nut, and up to the very last we consider it was anybody's battle. It was quite as good a fight as that in Easter week, and gave unbounded satisfaction to the gentlemen present, who, we have no doubt, will respond liberally to the call for a subscription for the losing man, who certainly deserves every encouragement for the gallant way in which he strove to win the battle. Many persons blamed Donnelly for not taking advantage of Jones when on the ropes in the 34th round. It certainly was a piece of over-generosity on his part, when the issue was in such a critical state. That it was bad judgment we admit, but to find fault with a man for such a display of manly forbearance we think is ungenerous. His science told with fearful severity upon Jones, whose head an hour after the battle presented anything but a pleasing spectacle, while that of Donnelly is very little disfigured, beyond the swelling on the left side. Jones is certainly about the gamest, most determined fellow that ever pulled a shirt off, and, as he himself says, had he come out in the London Ring some 12 years ago, when he was only 20 years of age, he would have been long ago in the proud position which he now claims as Champion of the light weights.

The battle-money is to be handed to Jones at Jem Burn's, Rising Sun, Air-street, Piccadilly, on Wednesday evening next.

The Championship.

BROOME AND THE TIPTON SLASHER.—We announced in our town edition last week that a match had been made at Jem Burn's, and £10 a side staked for these men to fight in four months, for £300 a side, and that they were to meet on Monday last and draw up articles and stake £100 a side. On Monday a meeting took place at Jem Burn's, but the Tipton Slasher, through an accident, was unprepared with his money, and a forfeit was the result. The Slasher has since called upon us, and staked £50 in our hands for a match for £300 a side. He wishes to fight in four months from the time of drawing articles, and is willing that to us should be intrusted the task of naming the place and referee. He hopes Broome will not back out, but will give him a chance of regaining his lost laurels. He declares that if Broome declines his challenge he will lay claim to the title of Champion, which was wrested from him by Broome two years ago. He will be at the Miner's Arms, Dudley Port, this evening, but will return to town early in the week, and take up his quarters at Mr. Champion's, Sun, Gray's Inn-lane, where he can at all times be seen. He will be at Jem Burn's, Rising Sun, Air-street, on Wednesday, prepared to draw articles to fight Broome.

From Bell's Life, June 12.

We have received a letter from the Tipton Slasher, complaining that, although he challenged Harry Broome to fight for £300 a side, that individual did not put in an appearance last Wednesday at Jem Burn's. Perry says his friends will back him for £500 a side, if Broome does not like to fight for so *small* a stake as £300, and that he will put down all the money at once. He will be at Jem Burn's, Rising Sun, Air-street, on Wednesday next, prepared to make a match; and, if Broome does not put in appearance, or send some friend to represent him, Perry will consider himself Champion of England, and will be ready to make a match with any man in the world, for from £200 to £500 a side. He is always to be heard of at Mr. Champion's, Sun, Gray's Inn-lane, or at the Miner's Arms, Dudley Port.

Broome has written to us to say, if the Tipton Slasher will publicly undertake to bear harmless the bondsmen Broome was compelled to find, before he could receive the stakes for their former fight, when the Slasher commenced law proceedings, he (Broome) will make a match with him for £250 a side, and will be happy to see him to talk over the matter at his benefit to-morrow night. Orme will be prepared, at the same time, to make a match with Paddock, for £200 a side, and will give £25 for choice of ground. Both fights to come off, if possible, in the same ring.

Westhall and Jackson.

An off-hand match has been made between William Jackson (the American Deer), and Charles Westhall, for £10 a side; the former is to run four miles and a half, and Westhall to walk three miles to-morrow (Monday), at Mr. Beswick's Royal Oak, Barking-road, at 5 o'clock.

Epsom Races.—The Settling.

TUESDAY, MAY 31.—This being the recognised settling day upon the Derby and Oaks, the room was crowded throughout the afternoon. The anticipations of the previous day, however, were anything but realised, and instead of being good, the settling must be pronounced a very unsatisfactory one—no more than could have been expected, perhaps, considering that the two great events of the meeting were carried off by the first favorites. Many large accounts were only partially liquidated, and several parties, whose balances on the race happened to be on the right side, found themselves, owing to the tightness of the money market, decidedly "out" after discharging the claims against them. As usual, time was demanded, and granted in most instances. The principal absentee was a veteran book-maker of nearly 30 years' standing, whose liabilities were stated to exceed £12,000. His non-appearance of course inconvenienced others, but as we hear there is every likelihood of an arrangement being effected, we do not look upon his return as a forlorn hope. The settlement of Mr. Davis's account, was, perhaps the most extraordinary ever known. Though a loser to an enormous extent—little short of £70,000, we believe—so well prepared was he to meet all demands, that, long before others with accounts of not one-seventieth part the amount had got through their work, Mr. Davis had paid everybody! One of his principal creditors was the fortunate owner of West Australian, to whom he laid 30,000 to 1,000 against the horse some time ago, and paid him by check on the Friday after the race.

YACHTING.

Royal London Yacht Club Match.

The first match of the season of this club was sailed on Tuesday, from Erith to Holehaven and back, for prizes of 20 sovs, and 5 sovs to the second boat. The Meteor steamer had been engaged to accompany the match, and the Royal Artillery band was on board; but the company was not near so numerous as was anticipated. On arriving at Erith, we found the undermentioned vessels at their moorings, viz:—

NO.	NAME.	TONS.	OWNER.
1.	JULIA	8	W. Bain, Esq.
2..	MISCHIEF	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
3.	BRITANNIA	7	G. Legg, Esq.
4.	ROMP	8	R. & J. C. Knight, Esqrs.
5.	ALPHA	10	J. R. Bailey, Esq.
6.	KITTEN	10	T. Harvey, Esq.

One minute per ton was allowed for difference of tonnage. The wind was free both ways, being a fine spanking breeze from the northward of east, with a good bit of the former in it, and this gave rise to considerable conjectures whether some of the boats would be able to carry a topsail, and whether, besides this, it was not too stiff, without a reef, for the new school of craft. The Blue-eyed Maid had been entered, but could not get equipped in time for the occasion. So anxious are gentleman to distinguish themselves in matches, that we find it an every-day occurrence for boats to be entered before they are scarcely commenced building. Mr. Wallis's Valentine, a very nice craft of last year, had also been withdrawn. There were in the list of "positive starters" three *debutantes*—the Mischief, the Alpha, and the Kitten; and the *on dits* concerning them were as varied as *on dits* usually are. The Mischief and Kitten were obviously more in request in the betting circles than the Alpha, and the Romp and Julia were not without consideration. The Mischief had been built by Mr. Aldous, of Brightlingsea, for Mr. Kerby, her owner; and if ever the properties of wholesome craft and speed were united in one vessel, they are to be found in her. The Kitten is a skittish sort of craft, more of the America style than the others; she is very sharp, very beautiful in her appearance, and acquitted herself and her raking stern very admirably. She was built by her owner, Mr. Harvey, of Ipswich, and adds to the fame he has so long enjoyed as a great *artiste*. The Alpha was built by her owner at Ipswich, and leaves the yachtsman but little to desire in her. The iron Romp was built by Mr. Mare, from lines by Waterman, and distinguished herself very much last year; the others have been so repeatedly noticed before as to leave any comment unnecessary. They were all under weigh at 11h 45m, the Britannia being the most sprightly. The Kitten immediately led, followed by the Alpha, Britannia, Mischief, Romp, and the Julia, as they arrived at Purfleet. In Long Reach the Mischief passed the Romp, and the Romp the Alpha; the Julia, whose traveller had got foul in the start, and hampered her in setting her jib, was all behind. The first tack was at Broadness Point, and the Kitten came about so sweetly as to leave no doubt of what her powers are to windward. Some very smart sailing took place in Northfleet Hope between the Romp and Mischief; the latter tried to pass her in-shore and to windward, which the Romp, by a clever manœuvre, prevented. While these two were engaged in tactics, the Alpha stole down to them, and tried to see what she could do on her own account while they were engaged with each other; but the skill displayed by the other two prevented her mending her position. The Kitten showed the way down a mile ahead, the Romp next, Mischief third, and Alpha fourth, neither of the two latter carrying any topsail. The Julia was entirely lost sight of, and, it is said, never performed her distance. No change occurred to the flag-boat at Holehaven, where they rounded thus:—

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Kitten .	1	51	0	Romp	2	0	38
Mischief .	1	57	20	Alpha .	2	2	28

They run up at about the same pace as they had gone down, and with nothing to remark but that the Alpha overtook the Romp at somewhere about half the distance, and passed the flag-buoy thus:—

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Kitten .	3	58	55	Alpha	4	12	18
Mischief .	4	10	33	Romp	4	14	8

The prizes were presented by Commodore Goodson to the successful candidates, and the usual complimentary things said upon the occasion.

There was a very good show of cutters accompanying the race, including the Sheldrake, Snawfleck, Avalon, Phantom, Thought, Calliope, &c. The Sverige and the Mayfly, at anchor at Gravesend, were dressed out with colors, and looked remarkably gay.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

"A Balm for every Wound, a Cure for every Ill."

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, SALT-RHEUM, TETTER, PILES, SCALD-HEAD, CAKED BREAST, SORE NIPPLES, SORE SHINS, BURNS AND SCALDS,

ULCERS, GOUT, STIFF JOINTS, BRUISES, CUTS, CHAFES, GALLS, SPAVIN, SPLENT, RING-BONE, SWENEY, SORES, SCRATCHES, POLL-EVIL.

HARD LUMPS OR TUMORS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Pains or Inflammation, in Man or Beast.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

This is to certify that the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been used quite extensively in the stables of Adams & Co.'s Great Southern, Eastern and Western Express, for CURING Galls, Chafes, Scratches, Sprains, and Bruises, and it has proved effectual. Many of their men have also used it on themselves and their families, and they all speak of its healing and remedial qualities in the highest terms. One of our hostlers got kicked, and badly cut and bruised on his knee—as usual, the Mustang Liniment was resorted to, and the soreness and lameness was soon removed, and it was perfectly well in three or four days. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable preparation, to be used externally on man or beast.

J. DUNNING,
Foreman of Adams & Co.'s Express Stable, New York.

☞ **A child in Fredericktown, N. B., a few days ago, burned its legs severely against a stove. The mother immediately applied Linseed Oil and Cotton Wool, with a tight bandage over all. In a short time the screams of the child induced the mother to remove the bandage, when it was discovered that the cotton wool had taken fire by spontaneous combustion, and had considerably increased the rise of the burn. The mother happened to think that she had part of a bottle of Mustang Liniment in her house, which she got immediately and applied to the burned limbs of the little sufferer, and as soon as it was applied, the child ceased its cries and soon after fell asleep in its mother's arms, by the soothing influence of this valuable preparation.**

Every family should be supplied with this Liniment in case of accident, as we know it to be a valuable article.—*Boston Eve. Chronicle.*

☞ It becomes our duty to state, from unquestionable facts, that there is a compound patented by Messrs. Bragg & Co., Broadway, corner of Duane street, that in a pre-eminent degree supersedes all modern preparations, and the best evidence that can be given of the "Mexican Mustang Liniment" is that it effects the salutary and desirable objects which its worthy inventors have so fully demonstrated in their advertisement, in another column. We are well acquainted with a gentleman in this city, who has visited our office every other day for the last three years, and who, during the period of seven years, as he states, suffered considerable pain at intervals, in his knee-joint, from rheumatism, and though he had recourse to every description of compound medicines within the reach of purchase, yet not the least relief did any of them afford him. About two months since he was induced to try the Mustang Liniment, and after about thirteen applications he found himself entirely relieved from all rheumatic pain or affection.—*Irish American.*

From a personal acquaintance with the individual mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have no hesitation in endorsing the statement.—*Eds. Democrat.*

OFFICE WALL STREET JOURNAL,
NEW YORK, 1st Feb. 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & Co —

We want your advertisement, because we have used your Liniment, personally, and it has done a good. We will insert it at $2 per month instead of $4, and you may change it to suit yourselves.

Yours, respectfully,
ROBINSON & CO.

DOVER, N. H., January 26th, 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & Co.—I had a valuable horse that about three weeks since was wounded severely in his thigh, with a sharp hook, opening a gash three inches in length, and an inch or more deep. I tried various articles to heal it, but inflammation getting into it caused large quantities of matter to collect, and the limb was quite stiff. A friend of mine asked me if I had tried the Mustang Liniment, to which I replied in the negative, but thinking it might do some good, was induced to try it. I had only used one half bottle when the inflammation began to be removed, and the wound to heal. Now it is entirely healed and the hair is growing over the wound, making it look as well as ever. Hence that others may be benefited by a trial of your valuable compound, I remain yours,

CHAS. E. WHITEHOUSE.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.

We have almost daily proofs of the magical power of the **Mustang Liniment** in severe bruises and sprains. Every one is subject to accidental bruises by coming in contact with some hard substance, in stumbling, falling, being upset in carriages, railway cars, &c, or by kicks from horses, falling of stores, timbers, and other missiles, and thousands of other collisions that we are constantly subject to. A bruise upon the face or about the eyes, will frequently disfigure a person for weeks by leaving large "black and blue" marks indicative of "set to," that are particularly disagreeable and annoying to a sensitive person. By using the Mustang Liniment as directed, those discolored spots will be removed with a few applications, and the skin to its natural color. Sprains, the most severe character, are cured in a few days.

RHEUMATISM.

Persons afflicted with this disease, no matter of how long standing, or what the cause, or what remedies they may have used, so that the organization of the affected parts are not destroyed, can be promptly, effectually, and permanently cured, simply by using the

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

Numerous certificates can be furnished from persons who have paid hundreds of dollars to doctors, and from ONE TO FIVE dollars a bottle for various Rheumatic Compounds and Specifics, without receiving any relief, who have been perfectly cured in a few days by the use of ONE BOTTLE of the Mustang Liniment. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have as yet established but one agency for the Mustang Liniment in Canada West—namely, to James Granger, of Napannee. He writes us as follows:

"The way is, in my opinion, opening advantageously for an extensive sale of your article in our neighborhood. Scarcely a day passes without several calls for Mustang Liniment." With this letter came the following certificates.

CANADA WEST,
FREDERICKSBURG, December 1st, 1852.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Sir, I feel it my duty to inform you of the good effects of a medicine which I purchased of you, called Mexican Mustang Liniment. My wife has been affected with very severe Rheumatism during the last twenty-four years, and her case has baffled the most skilful physicians in our vicinity. I have tried every patent medicine recommended to cure that disease, which came within my reach, but her affliction was rather increased than lessened. Her knee, the part in which the disease was located, became greatly calloused. She had been for many years obliged to use crutches, having almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. I by chance heard of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, for which I was informed you were agent. I obtained and applied a bottle. It entirely removed the pain, and by a continued application of more of the medicine, I believe four bottles, the callouses are now nearly gone. My wife can now walk freely without crutches and free from pain.

Yours, very truly, WM. SPENCER, Sen.

CANADA WEST,
RICHMOND, February 8th, 1853.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Dear Sir: During the last six years, I have been a very great sufferer from Rheumatism. In the cold weather, especially, my disease raged with almost insupportable violence. I have been frequently confined to my bed for weeks together. I became helpless and hopeless. I had tried the multitude of nostrums prescribed by my friends and acquaintances, but without any permanent relief. At very great expense, I employed medical aid. I remained many months under the charge of the best reputed physicians in our vicinity, but found no better success. I had recourse to the most skilful practitioners in Bellville and Kingston, but my hopes were again prostrated. My case was considered *incurable*. When at last, as one given up to die, I had lain nearly three months suffering extreme agony and unable to obtain relief from any quarter, I was recommended to use a medicine called Mexican Mustang Liniment, to be found at your drug store. Though I had never heard of such a medicine, such was the state of my case that I resolved to try it. The effect seemed scarcely credible to myself, yet it was so. My pains left me entirely, and after spending more than one hundred dollars in cash, and suffering more than I would have thought it possible for man to suffer and survive, a dollar's worth of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, manufactured by A. G. Bragg & Co., has completely restored me to health. Should there be any one suffering from this terrible disease, I hope that so simple, easily applied and efficacious a remedy, as the M. M. Liniment, may be within their reach. I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

SAMUEL BALDWIN.

To Country Merchants. Every store should be supplied with this valuable Liniment, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly. **Prices of the Liniment.** It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and RETAILS at **25** cents—**50** cents—and **1** dollar per bottle. The 50 cent and dollar bottles contain 50 and 100 per cent. more Liniment, in proportion to their cost, so that money is saved by buying the large sizes.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., *Sole Proprietors.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICES—304 Broadway, corner Duane street, New York, and corner Third and Market streets, St. Louis, Mo. Also for sale by dealers in Medicines throughout the United States.

NEW

VOL. I.—No. 11.

Poor Robin.

Sung with great applause by Wood's Minstrels.

Poor Robin, once how merrily,
He toiled the live long day,
When massa's kind and cheerful smile,
Could cheer us on our way;
But Robin now is growing old,
He totters down the hill,
With the bag of corn upon his back,
He 's bearing to the mill.

Chorus—Oh, the happy, happy days,
When we were young and gay,
And I loved upon the banjo string
So merrily to play.
With my bridle in my hand,
O 't was frolic and 't was fun,
Across the fields and meadows then
To see old Robin run.

Poor Robin, 't was my pride to comb
His long and glossy mane,
But now his working days are gone,
He 'll never run again.
And as I gently smooth him down,
It makes me heave a sigh,
For well I know that massa soon
Will turn him out to die.

Chorus—Oh! the happy days, &c.

And now old Robin's almost gone,
A tear will wet my cheek,
For Robin is a faithful friend,
Although he cannot speak;
Alas! that he has grown so old,
And totters down the hill,
With the bag of corn upon his back,
He 's bearing to the mill.

NAHWISTA;

A STORY OF THE COLONIES.

About two centuries ago, when New England consisted of the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, under the supervision of commissioners subject to the control of the governor and general court of Massachusetts, the difficulties with the Dutch at Manhattan, or New Amsterdam, commenced. Massachusetts and Plymouth being at points farthest east, and of right of possession less questionable, were not immediately involved in the contest, but being under a compact or confederation with the other colonies, were bound to aid in sustaining the rights of Connecticut and New Haven.

Among the few occurrences that led to the quarrel, were the insolence of the Dutch agents, the burning of the English trading-houses in New Haven, selling powder and guns to the Indians, and taking from the harbor of New Haven a vessel belonging to the Dutch.

About this time the Dutch governor, Kieft, living at Manhattoes, took under his charge, to educate and bring up, an Indian maiden, named Nahwista. Her father was a Block-island Indian, aged and infirm, and having many daughters and but one son, solicited the governor to take Nahwista under his protection. It does not appear that Kieft had any children of his own, and he naturally looked on Nahwista as a member of his own family, and cherished her with more than ordinary kindly feelings of an adopted father. Nahwista was not eighteen when she left her father's hut. Tall and graceful, and just budding into womanhood, she had attracted the attention of more than one young sachem of her tribe. The younger of the daughters and the favorite of her father, and living as she did near the Dutch settlement, much pains had been taken with her dress. Her small, delicate foot told that her moccasins had been more snugly fitted than they were wont to be for her sisters of the forest. Her slender waist, too, showed that she had worn a girdle from her youth; and her soft and graceful hand had been trained to the bow and quiver, which she used most dexterously. Her eye was like the eagle's, and her hair like the raven's wing; but a melancholy sadness brooded over her finely chiselled features. She was at times thoughtful — deeply thoughtful, and it would seem that no earthly incentive could light up the smile on her countenance. At times, it is true, she was gay, and even joined in the revelries of the hour, but her joy was in her solitude, and her pleasure in her meditation.

Nahwista liked her adopted father, and her aptness led her soon to become proficient in the Dutch language. Her sisters were permitted to visit her, and she in return occasionally went to the house of her father. But her attachments to the Dutch became stronger as she became more acquainted with them and could converse with them more freely, and her restless anxiety to associate with the wild beings of her native home gradually subsided at a year's end.

A servant of the governor's, named Carle, an active, intelligent young man, was enamored with Nahwista, and used all the artifice in his power to win her affections. She was artless in the affairs of the heart, but had sufficient good sense and cautiousness to be distrustful of his motives. Carle lavished presents upon the fair Indian maid, and strolled with her daily through the wild labyrinths of the governor's domains, discoursing the while the soft music of love. He helped her to scale the cliff, or to descend the ravine, or ford the rivulet, and was constant in his attendance upon her; though perhaps his thoughts were far